



the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH

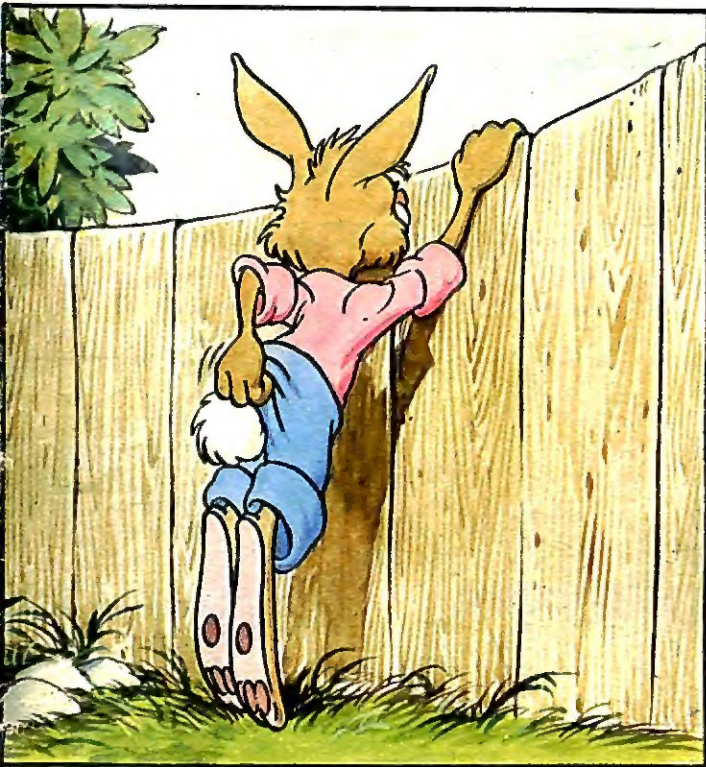


1. "Lemme see now," said Uncle Remus. "Did I ever tell you the story 'bout Mr. Billy Malone, honey child?" The little boy looked up into the kindly face of the old man and shook his head. "Is it about Brer Rabbit, too?" he asked. Uncle Remus laughed and laughed. "It surely is, it surely is,"

he replied.

"Then in that case," said the little boy, "I'd like to hear all about it."

And so as the evening sun began slowly to sink in the sky, Uncle Remus told this tale. It was one of the funniest Brer Rabbit stories the little boy had ever heard.



2. Once upon a time, began Uncle Remus, there was a man and this here man, he had a garden. He had a garden an' he had a little girl for to mind it.

It was so long, this garden, that it ran down the side of the big road, across by the apple orchard an' back up the lane.

This here garden was so nice an' long that it took an' attracted the 'tention of Brer Rabbit. But the fence was built so close an' so high that he couldn't get in no matter how he tried. He tried an' he tried, but 'twasn't no use, no use at all.



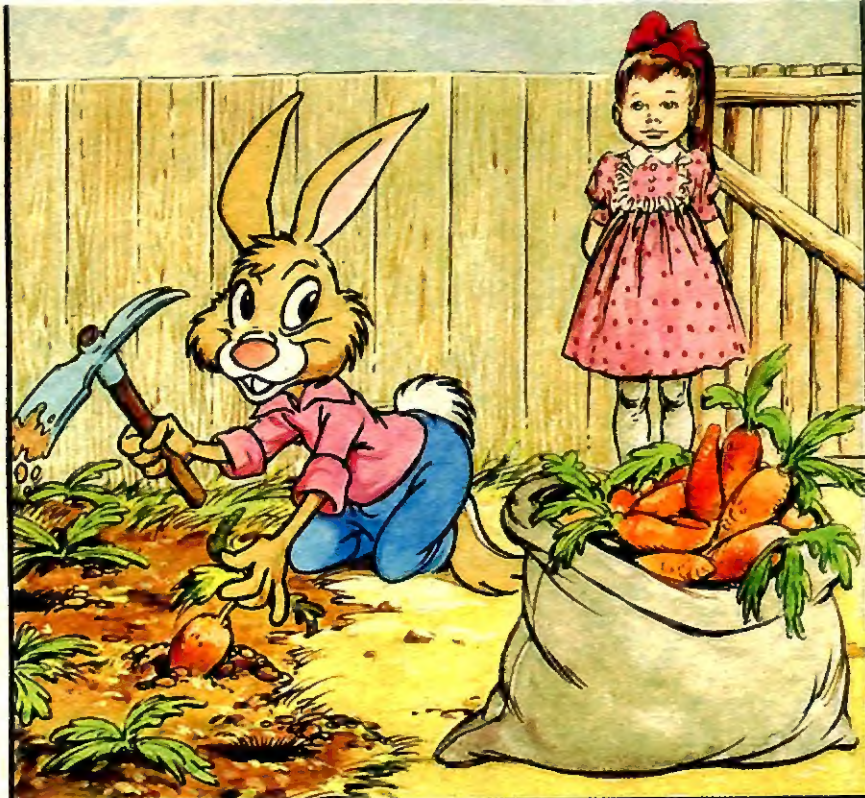
3. The garden was chock full of carrots and lettuces and cabbages and beans and peas and everything that would make a rabbit's mouth water from now until the noon o' night.

Every mornin' when the man had to go off to work, he told his little girl, he did, that she must be sure an' keep old Brer Rabbit out of the garden. He told her this every mornin' but one mornin' he took an' forgot to tell her till he got to the front gate an' then he stopped and hollered back: "O Janey! You Janey! Mind what I told you 'bout old Brer Rabbit. Don't you let him get my nice fat carrots 'cos if there's anything that little imp of mischief likes, it's carrots!"

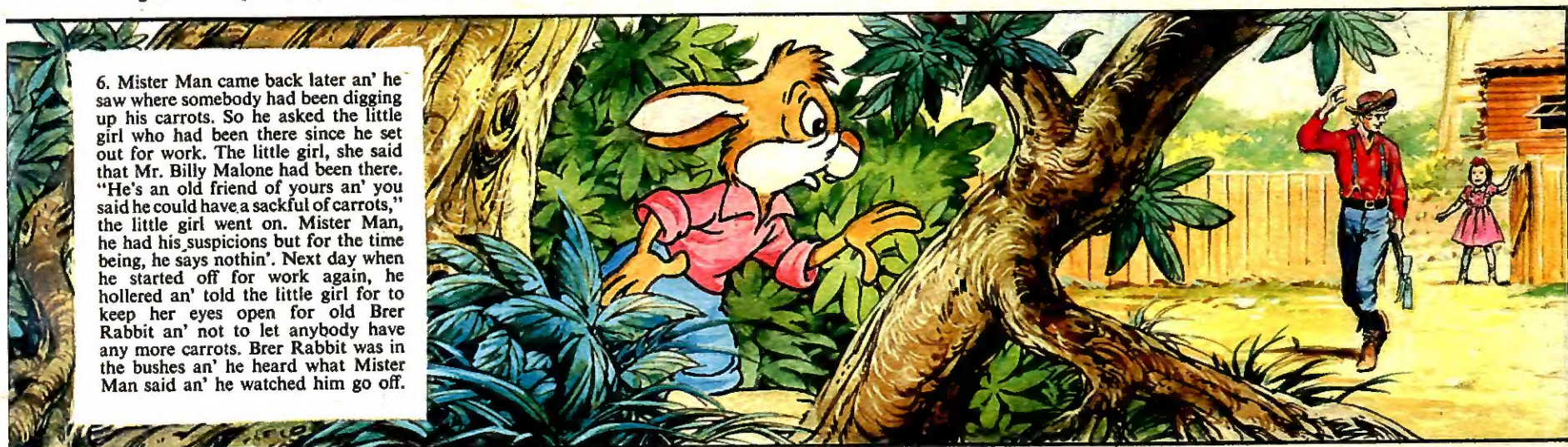
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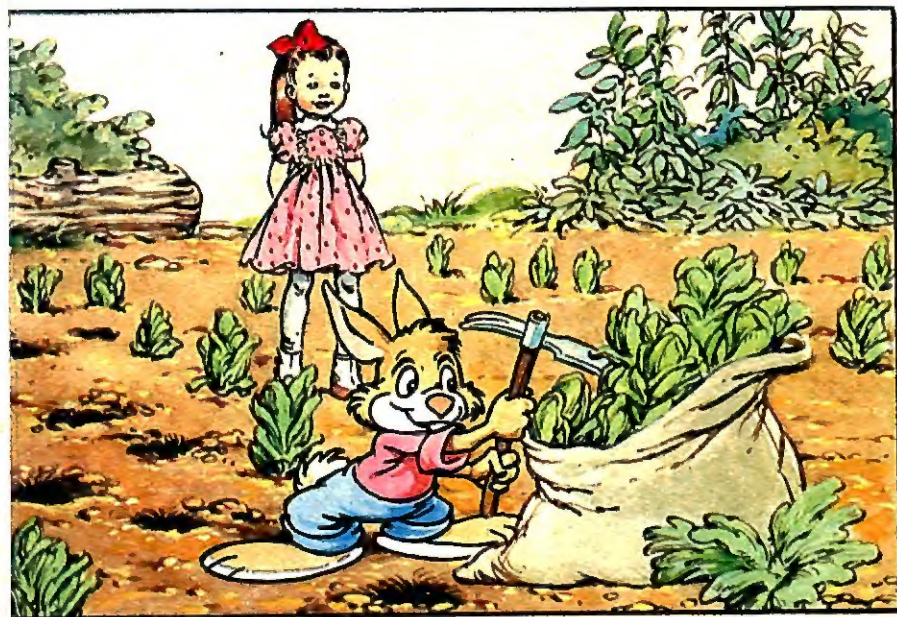
4. Well, the little girl hollered back: "You can trust me, daddy. If that old Brer Rabbit comes here, I'll surely send him about his business, I will." All this time, Brer Rabbit, he was out there in the bushes, dozin'. Yet when he heard his name called out so loud, he cocked up one ear an' listened an' promised himself that he'd outdo Mister Man. By-an'-by, Brer Rabbit, he went round an' came down the big road as natural as if he'd been travellin' somewheres. He saw the little girl by the gate an' he ups and says: "Pardon me but ain't you Miss Janey?"



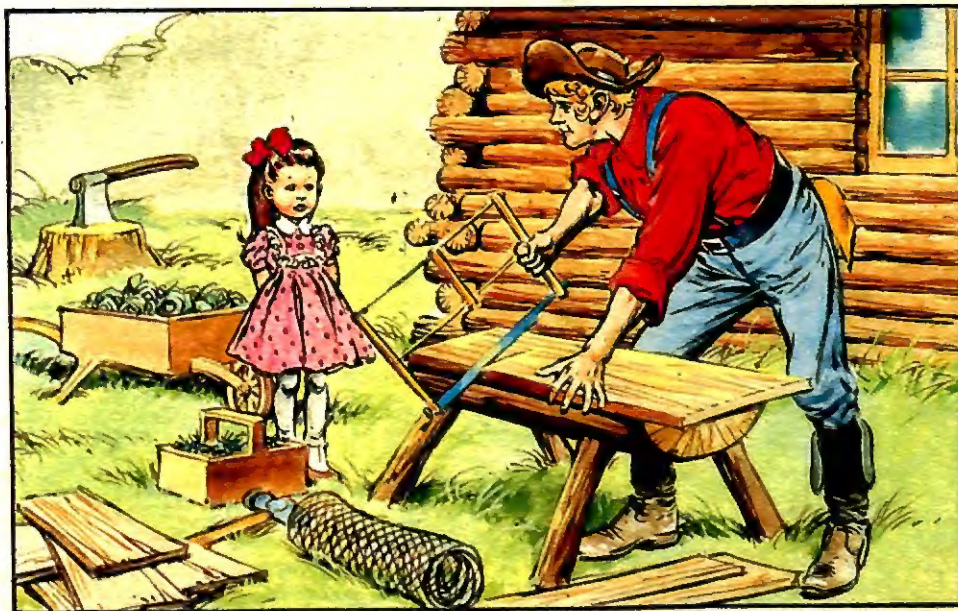
5. "My daddy calls me Janey," replied the little girl. "What does your daddy call you?" Brer Rabbit looked on the ground and sort of studied it like folks do when they're thinkin' real hard. Then he said: "My daddy ain't around no more but when he was he called me Billy Malone." Then he said: "Well, well, well, Janey. I ain't seen you since you was a little baby, an' now you is a big girl. I passed your daddy in the road just now an' he said that I must tell you to give me a sackful of carrots." The little girl, she opened the gate wide an' let Mr. Billy Malone get at them carrots.



6. Mister Man came back later an' he saw where somebody had been digging up his carrots. So he asked the little girl who had been there since he set out for work. The little girl, she said that Mr. Billy Malone had been there. "He's an old friend of yours an' you said he could have a sackful of carrots," the little girl went on. Mister Man, he had his suspicions but for the time being, he says nothin'. Next day when he started off for work again, he hollered an' told the little girl for to keep her eyes open for old Brer Rabbit an' not to let anybody have any more carrots. Brer Rabbit was in the bushes an' he heard what Mister Man said an' he watched him go off.



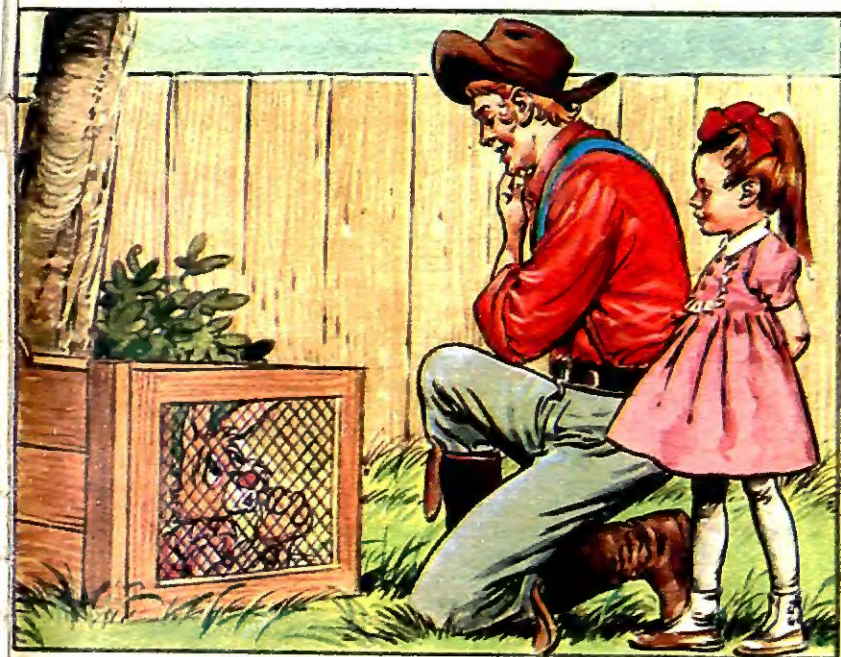
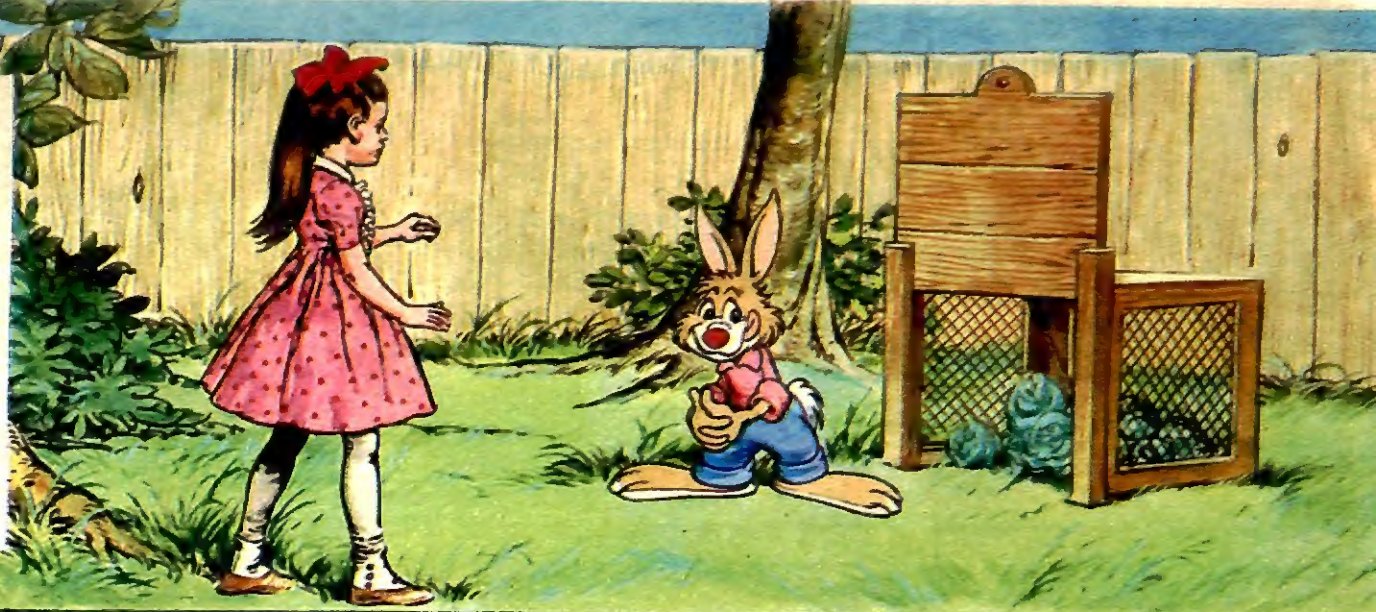
7. By-an'-by, Brer Rabbit came hoppin' down the road till he got close up by the little girl at the garden gate. Brer Rabbit dropped her his biggest bow and said: "Mornin', Miss Janey, an' how are you this fine day? I saw your daddy goin' down the road jest now an' he gave me a good wiggin', he did, 'cos I took them carrots yesterday, but he said that bein' as how I'm such a good friend of the family, I can come an' ask you for a sackful of lettuces." The little girl, she took an' flung the gate wide open an' old Brer Rabbit, he marched in, he did, an' got at them lettuces.



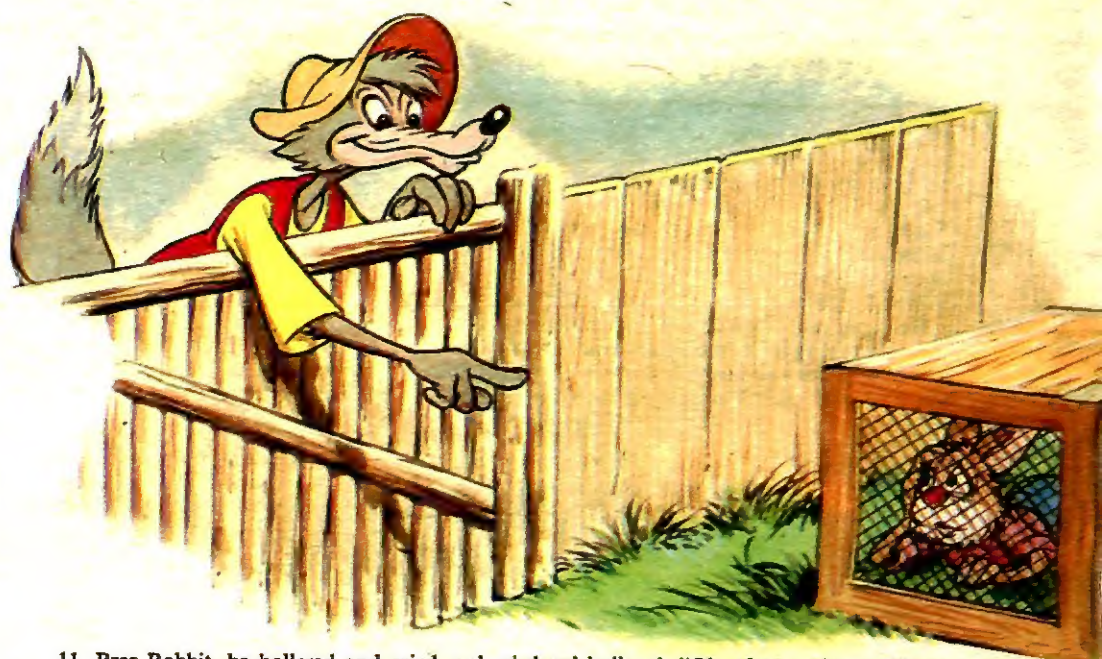
8. Mister Man came back after a while an' he said: "Who's been diggin' up my lettuces?" "Mr. Billy Malone, daddy," replied the little girl. Mister Man slapped his hand on his forehead, he did. He didn't know what to make of all this. By-an'-by he asked: "What kind of man is this here Mr. Billy Malone?" "Split lips, pop eyes, big ears an' a bob-tail, daddy," said the little girl. Mister Man nodded and said blessed if he ain't goin' to make the acquaintance of Mr. Billy Malone an' he went to work, he did, an' fixed up a box-trap an' he put some cabbages in there an' he told the little girl that the next time Mr. Billy Malone came round to invite him in.

9. Next mornin', Mister Man got a little way from the house an' he hollered back, he did: "Whatsomever you do, don't you dare let anybody get my carrots or my lettuces again." The little girl hollered back: "No, daddy." Then after that 'twasn't long before along came Mister Billy Malone, hopping along down the big road. He dropped a bow, he did, an' said: "Mornin', Miss Janey, mornin'. Met your daddy down the road apiece an' he said I can't have no more carrots or lettuces but that you can give me some cabbages."

The little girl, believing what Mr. Malone told her, led the way and told Mr. Malone that they was in the big box. Mr. Billy Malone, he licked his chops, he did, an' he said: "You got a good daddy, Miss Janey."

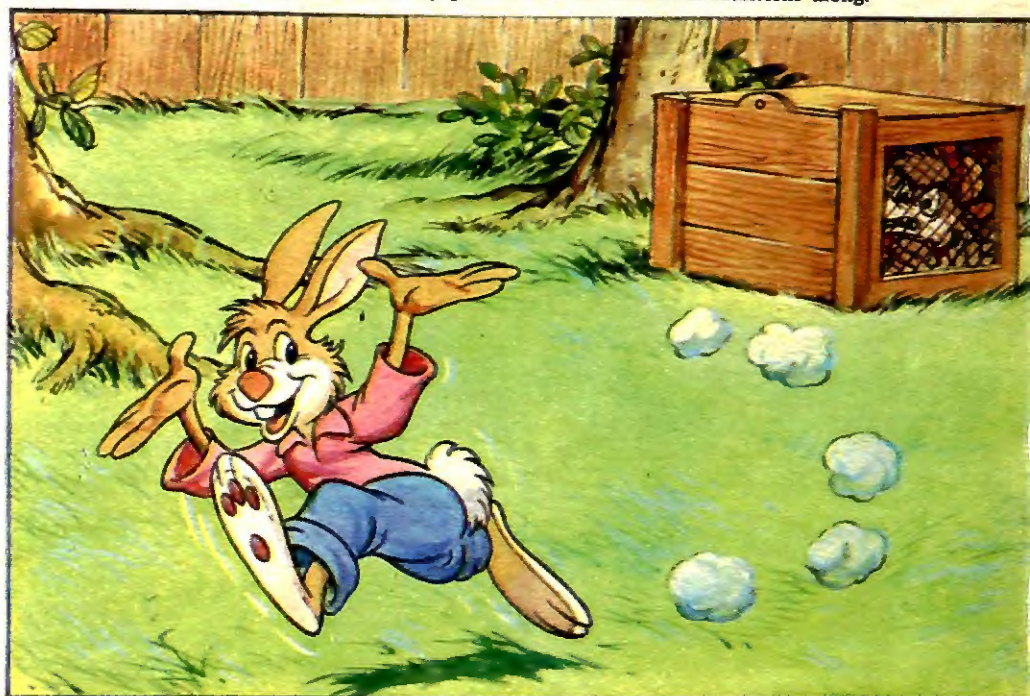
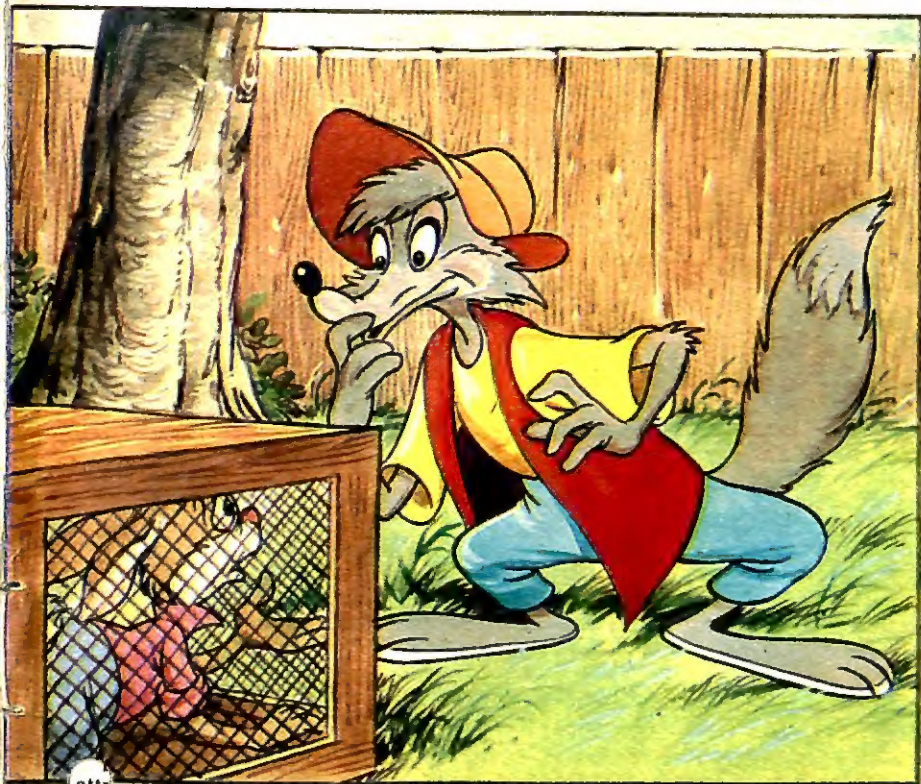


10. An' with that, Mr. Billy Malone jumped into the box. But Mister Man hadn't gone very far an' 'twasn't long before he came back. When Brer Rabbit heard him coming, he bounced around like a frog in a pillow-case but it wasn't no good. The trap had fallen an' Brer Rabbit was in an' couldn't get out. Mister Man grinned an' said: "There you are—same old hoppum-skippum, run-an'-jumpum. You'll soon be in the stew-pot for dinner, you will." This gave Brer Rabbit the cold chills.



11. Brer Rabbit, he hollered and cried, an' cried an' hollered. "Oh, please, please, Mister Man, let me go. I sure deceived you this time but I ain't goin' to deceive you no more. Do, please, Mister Man, let me go—please, please!" But Mister Man said nothin'. He jest looked like he was studying 'bout somethin' or other an' then he took the little girl by the hand an' went off towards the house.

It seemed to Brer Rabbit that he hadn't got no more luck than you can shake a stick at 'cos Mister Man an' his little girl had scarcely gone when Brer Fox came saunterin' along.



13. But Brer Fox didn't run. He up and asked Brer Rabbit how the mutton tasted. "It tasted mighty good at first," replied Brer Rabbit, "but 'nuff's 'nuff, an' too much is plenty. Run, Brer Fox, run! He'll catch you sure!" But Brer Fox didn't run. He up an' said that he'd like some mutton hisself and with that he openend the trap and let Brer Rabbit out an' then he got in there in place of Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit wasn't waiting for to see what the upshot was goin' to be—you bet he wasn't. He jest took an' galloped off into the woods an' he laughed an' he laughed till he had to hug a tree for to keep him from droppin' on the ground.

12. "What you a-doin' in there, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit squalled out: "Brer Fox, you better get goin' in case Mister Man slaps you in this box an' makes you eat mutton till you bust wide open. Run, Brer Fox, run! He's been feedin' me on mutton all mornin' an' now he's gone after more. Run, Brer Fox, run!"

The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Rabbit has a busy day, and we learn what Christopher Robin does in the mornings

It was going to be one of Rabbit's busy days. As soon as he woke up he felt important, as if everything depended upon him. It was just the day for Organizing Something, or for Writing a Notice Signed Rabbit, or for Seeing What Everybody Else Thought About It. It was a perfect morning for hurrying round to Pooh, and saying, "Very well, then, I'll tell Piglet," and then going to Piglet, and saying, "Pooh thinks—but perhaps I'd better see Owl first." It was a Captainish sort of day, when everybody said, "Yes, Rabbit" and "No, Rabbit," and waited until he had told them.

He came out of his house and sniffed the warm spring morning as he wondered what he would do. Kanga's house was nearest, and at Kanga's house was Roo, who said "Yes, Rabbit" and "No, Rabbit"

almost better than anybody else in the Forest; but there was another animal there nowadays, the strange and Bouncy Tigger; and he was the sort of Tigger who was always in front when you were showing him the way anywhere, and was generally out of sight when at last you came to the place and said proudly "Here we are!"

"No, not Kanga's," said Rabbit thoughtfully to himself, as he curled his whiskers in the sun; and, to make quite sure that he wasn't going there, he turned to the left and trotted off in the other direction, which was the way to Christopher Robin's house.

"After all," said Rabbit to himself, "Christopher Robin depends on Me. He's fond of Pooh and Piglet and Eeyore, and so am I, but they haven't any

Brain. Not to notice. And he respects Owl, because you can't help respecting anybody who can spell TUESDAY, even if he doesn't spell it right; but spelling isn't everything. There are days when spelling Tuesday simply doesn't count. And Kanga is too busy looking after Roo, and Roo is too young and Tigger is too bouncy to be of any help, so there's really nobody but Me, when you come to look at it. I'll go and see if there's anything he wants doing, and then I'll do it for him. It's just the day for doing things."

He trotted along happily, and by-and-by he crossed the stream and came to the place where his friends-and-relations lived. There seemed to be even more of them about than usual this morning, and having nodded to a hedgehog or two, with whom he was too busy to shake hands, and having said, "Good morning, good morning," importantly to some of the others, and "Ah, there you are," kindly, to the smaller ones, he waved a paw at them over his shoulder, and was gone; leaving such an air of excitement and I don't-know-what behind him, that several members of the Beetle family, including Henry Rush, made their way at once to the Hundred Acre Wood and began climbing trees, in the hope of getting to the top before it happened, whatever it was, so that they might see it properly.

Rabbit hurried on by the edge of the Hundred Acre Wood, feeling more important every minute, and soon he came to the tree where Christopher Robin lived. He knocked at the door, and he called out once or twice, and then he walked back a little way and put his paw up to keep the sun out, and called to the top of the tree, and then he turned all round and shouted "Hallo!" and "I say!" "It's Rabbit!"—but nothing happened. Then he stopped and listened, and everything stopped and listened with him, and the Forest was very lone and still and peaceful in the sunshine, until suddenly a hundred miles above him a lark began to sing.

"Bother!" said Rabbit. "He's gone out."

He went back to the green front door, just to make sure, and he was turning away, feeling that his morning had got all spoilt, when he saw a piece of paper on the ground. And there was a pin in it, as if it had fallen off the door.

"Ha!" said Rabbit, feeling quite happy again.

"Another notice!"

This is what it said:

GON OUT

BACKSON

BISY

BACKSON

C.R.

"Ha!" said Rabbit again. "I must tell the others." And he hurried off importantly.

The nearest house was Owl's, and to Owl's House in the Hundred Acre Wood he made his way. He came to Owl's door, and he knocked and he rang, and he rang and he knocked, and at last Owl's head came out and said "Go away, I'm thinking—oh, it's you?" which was how he always began.

"Owl," said Rabbit shortly, "you and I have brains. The others have fluff. If there is any thinking I mean *thinking*—you and I must do it."

"Yes," said Owl. "I was."

"Read that."

Owl took Christopher Robin's notice from Rabbit and looked at it nervously. He could spell his own name WOL, and he could spell Tuesday so that you knew it wasn't Wednesday, and he could read quite comfortably when you weren't looking over his shoulder and saying "Well?" all the time, and he could—

"Well?" said Rabbit.

"Yes," said Owl, looking Wise and Thoughtful. "I see what you mean. Undoubtedly."

"Well?"

"Exactly," said Owl. "Precisely." And he added, after a little thought, "If you had not come to me, I should have come to you."

"Why?" asked Rabbit.

"For that very reason," said Owl, hoping that something helpful would happen soon.





Oh, the honey-bees are gumming
On their little wings, and humming
That the summer, which is coming,
Will be fun.
And the cows are almost cooing,
And the turtle-doves are mooing,
Which is why a Pooh is poohing
In the sun.

For the spring is really springing;
You can see a skylark singing,
And the blue-bells, which are ringing,
Can be heard.
And the cuckoo isn't cooing,
But he's cucking and he's oeing,
And a Pooh is simply poohing
Like a bird.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Rabbit.

"Hallo, Rabbit," said Pooh dreamily.

"Did you make that song up?"

"Well, I sort of made it up," said Pooh. "It isn't Brain," he went on humbly, "because You Know Why, Rabbit; but it comes to me sometimes."

"Ah!" said Rabbit, who never let things come to him, but always went and fetched them. "Well, the point is, have you seen a Spotted or Herbaceous Backson in the Forest, at all?"

"No," said Pooh. "Not a—no," said Pooh. "I saw Tigger just now."

"That's no good."

"No," said Pooh. "I thought it wasn't."

"Have you seen Piglet?"

"Yes," said Pooh. "I suppose *that* isn't any good either?" he asked meekly.

"Well, it depends if he saw anything."

"He saw me," said Pooh.

Rabbit sat down on the ground next to Pooh and, feeling much less important like that, stood up again.

"What it all comes to is this," he said. "*What does Christopher Robin do in the morning nowadays?*"

"What sort of thing?"

"Well, can you tell me anything you've seen him do in the morning? These last few days?"

"Yes," said Pooh. "We had breakfast together yesterday. By the Pine Trees. I'd made up a little basket, just a little, fair-sized basket, an ordinary biggish sort of basket, full of—"

"Yes, yes," said Rabbit, "but I mean later than that. Have you seen him between eleven and twelve?"

"Well," said Pooh, "at eleven o'clock—at eleven o'clock—well, at eleven o'clock, you see, I generally get home about then. Because I have One or Two Things to Do."

"Quarter past eleven, then?"

"Well—" said Pooh.

"Half past?"

"Yes," said Pooh. "At half past—or perhaps later—I might see him."

And now that he did think of it, he began to remember that he *hadn't* seen Christopher Robin about so much lately. Not in the mornings. Afternoons, yes; evenings, yes; before breakfast, yes; just after breakfast, yes. And then, perhaps. "See you again, Pooh," and off he'd go.

"That's just it," said Rabbit. "Where?"

"Perhaps he's looking for something."

"What?" asked Rabbit.

"Yesterday morning," said Rabbit solemnly, "I went to see Christopher Robin. He was out. Pinned on his door was a notice!"

"The same notice?"

"A different one. But the meaning was the same. It's very odd."

"Amazing," said Owl, looking at the notice again, and getting, just for a moment, a curious sort of feeling that something had happened to Christopher Robin's back. "What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"The best thing," said Owl wisely.

"Well?" said Rabbit again, as Owl knew he was going to.

"Exactly," said Owl.

For a little while he couldn't think of anything more; and then all of a sudden, he had an idea.

"Tell me, Rabbit," he said, "The *exact* words of the first notice. This is very important. Everything depends on this. The *exact* words of the first notice."

"It was just the same as that one really."

Owl looked at him, and wondered whether to push him off the tree; but, feeling that he could always do it afterwards, he tried once more to find out what they were talking about.

"The exact words, please," he said, as if Rabbit hadn't spoken.

"It just said, 'Gon out. Backson.' Same as this, only this says 'Bisy Backson' too."

Owl gave a great sigh of relief.

"Ah!" said Owl. "Now we know where we are."

"Yes, but where's Christopher Robin?" said Rabbit. "That's the point."

Owl looked at the notice again. To one of his education the reading of it was easy.

"Gon out, Backson. Bisy, Backson"—just the sort of thing you'd expect to see on a notice.

"It is quite clear what has happened, my dear Rabbit," he said. "Christopher Robin has gone out somewhere with Backson. He and Backson are busy together. Have you seen a Backson anywhere about in the Forest lately?"

"I don't know," said Rabbit. "That's what I came to ask you. What are they like?"

"Well," said Owl, "the Spotted or Herbaceous Backson is just a—"

"At least," he said, "it's really more of a—"

"Of course," he said, "it depends on the—"

"Well," said Owl, "the fact is," he said, "I don't know *what* they're like," said Owl frankly.

"Thank you," said Rabbit. And he hurried off to see Pooh.

Before he had gone very far he heard a noise. So he stopped and listened.

This was the noise:

NOISE, BY POOH

Oh, the butterflies are flying,
Now the winter days are dying,
And the primroses are trying
To be seen.
And the turtle-doves are cooing,
And the woods are up and doing,
For the violets are blueing
In the green.





"That's just what I was going to say," said Pooh. And then he added, "Perhaps he's looking for a—for a—"

"A Spotted or Herbaceous Backson?"

"Yes," said Pooh. "One of those. In case it isn't."

Rabbit looked at him severely.

"I don't think you're helping," he said.

"No," said Pooh. "I do try," he added humbly.

Rabbit thanked him for trying, and said that he would now go and see Eeyore, and Pooh could walk with him if he liked. But Pooh, who felt another verse of his song coming on him, said he would wait for Piglet, good-bye, Rabbit; so Rabbit went off.

But, as it happened, it was Rabbit who saw Piglet first. Piglet had got up early that morning to pick himself a bunch of violets; and when he had picked them and put them in a pot in the middle of his house, it suddenly came over him that nobody had ever picked Eeyore a bunch of violets, and the more he thought of this, the more he thought how sad it was to be an Animal who had never had a bunch of violets picked for him. So he hurried out again, saying to himself, "Eeyore, Violets" and then "Violets, Eeyore," in case he forgot, because it was that sort of day, and he picked a large bunch and trotted along, smelling them and feeling very happy, until he came to the place where Eeyore was.

"Oh, Eeyore," began Piglet a little nervously, because Eeyore was busy.

Eeyore put out a paw and waved him away.

"Tomorrow," said Eeyore. "Or the next day."

Piglet came a little closer to see what it was. Eeyore had three sticks on the ground, and was looking at them. Two of the sticks were touching at one end, but not at the other, and the third

stick was laid across them. Piglet thought that perhaps it was a Trap of some kind.

"Oh, Eeyore," he began again, "I just—"

"Is that little Piglet?" said Eeyore, still looking hard at his sticks.

"Yes, Eeyore, and I—"

"Do you know what this is?"

"No," said Piglet.

"It's an A."

"Oh," said Piglet.

"Not O—A," said Eeyore severely. "Can't you hear, or do you think you have more education than Christopher Robin?"

"Yes," said Piglet. "No," said Piglet very quickly. And he came closer still.

"Christopher Robin said it was an A, and an A it is—until somebody treads on it," Eeyore added sternly.

Piglet jumped backwards hurriedly, and smelt at his violets.

"Do you know what A means, little Piglet?"

"No, Eeyore, I don't."

"It means Learning, it means Education, it means all the things that you and Pooh haven't got. That's what A means."

"Oh," said Piglet again. "I mean, does it?" he explained quickly.

"I'm telling you. People come and go in this Forest, and they say, 'It's only Eeyore, so it doesn't count.' They walk to and fro saying 'Ha ha!' But do they know anything about A? They don't. It's just three sticks to them. But to the Educated—mark this, little Piglet—to the Educated, not meaning Poohs and Piglets, it's a great and glorious A. Not," he added, "just something that anybody can come and breathe on."

Piglet stepped back nervously, and looked round for help.

"Here's Rabbit," he said gladly. "Hallo, Rabbit."

Rabbit came up importantly, nodded to Piglet, and said, "Ah, Eeyore," in the voice of one who would be saying "Good-bye" in about two more minutes.

"There's just one thing I wanted to ask you, Eeyore. What happens to Christopher Robin in the mornings nowadays?"

"What's this I'm looking at?" said Eeyore still looking at it.

"Three sticks," said Rabbit promptly.

"You see?" said Eeyore to Piglet. He turned to Rabbit. "I will now answer your question," he said solemnly.

"Thank you," said Rabbit.

"What does Christopher Robin do in the mornings? He learns. He becomes Educated. He instigates—I think that is the word he mentioned, but I may be referring to something else—he instigates Knowledge. In my small way I also, if I have the word right, am—am doing what he does. That, for instance, is—"

"An A," said Rabbit, "but not a very good one. Well, I must get back and tell the others."

Eeyore looked at his sticks and then he looked at Piglet.

"What did Rabbit say it was?" he asked.

"An A," said Piglet.

"Did you tell him?"

"No, Eeyore, I didn't. I expect he just knew."

"He knew? You mean this A thing is a thing Rabbit knew?"

"Yes, Eeyore. He's clever, Rabbit is."

"Clever!" said Eeyore scornfully, putting a foot heavily on his three sticks. "Education!" said Eeyore bitterly, jumping on his six sticks. "What is Learning?" asked Eeyore as he kicked his twelve sticks into the air. "A thing Rabbit knows! Ha!"

"I think—" began Piglet nervously.

"Don't," said Eeyore.

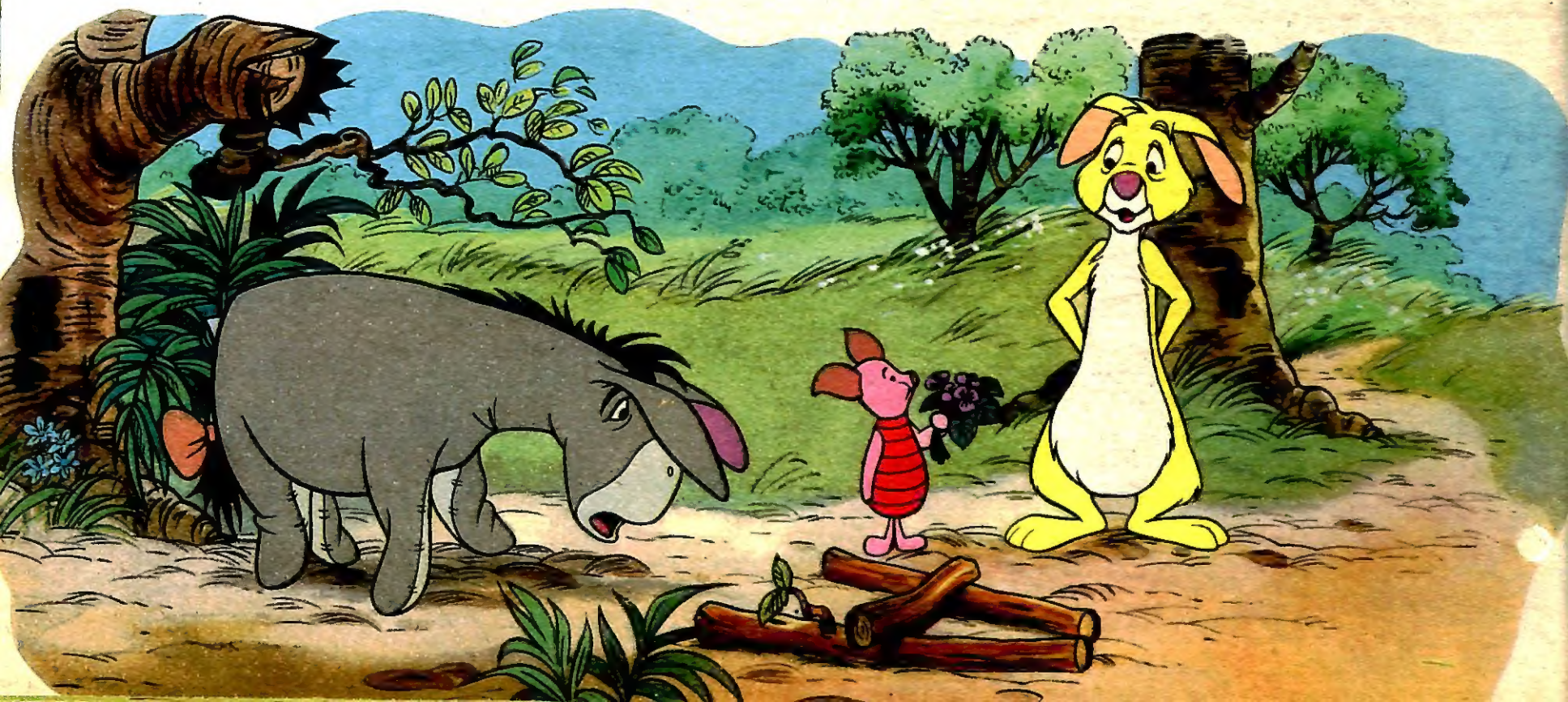
"I think Violets are rather nice," said Piglet. And he laid his bunch in front of Eeyore and scampered off.

* * *

Next morning the notice on Christopher Robin's door said:

GONE OUT
BACK SOON
C.R.

Which is why all the animals in the Forest—except, of course, the Spotted and Herbaceous Backson—now know what Christopher Robin does in the mornings.



The Magic Apples

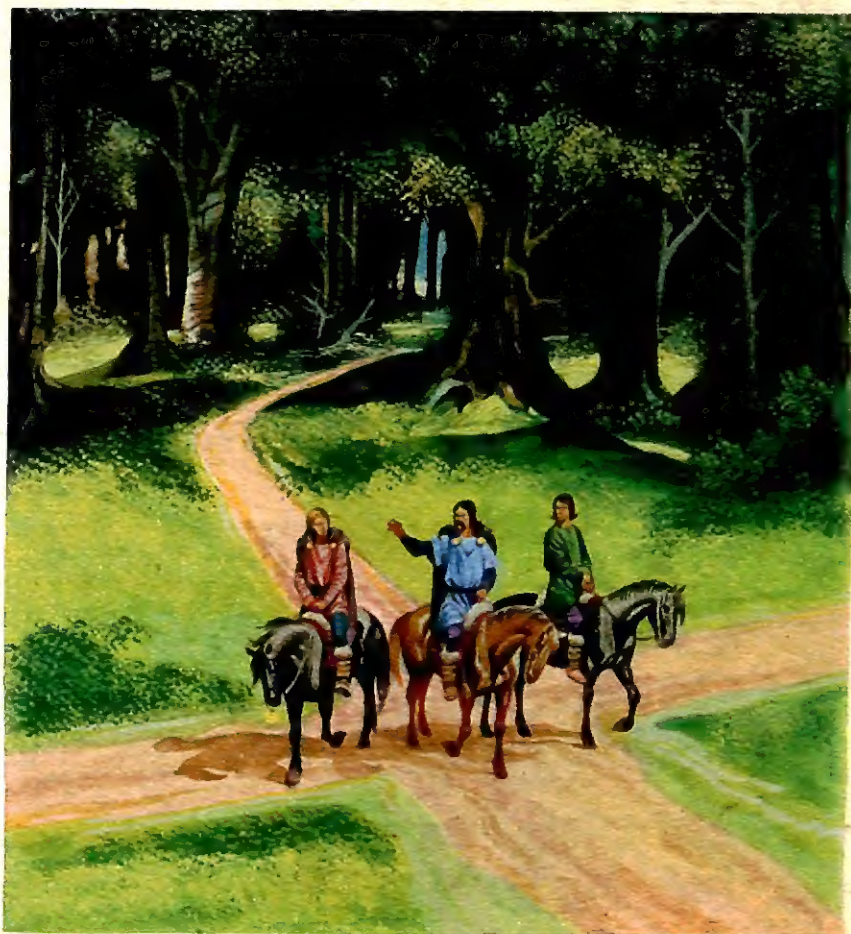


1. Once upon a time there was a King who was very ill, and no medicine did him any good at all. He just got worse and worse, and it was feared that he would die. Then one day a clever doctor said, "Your Majesty, there is only one thing that will cure you and make you well. You must eat some golden apples."

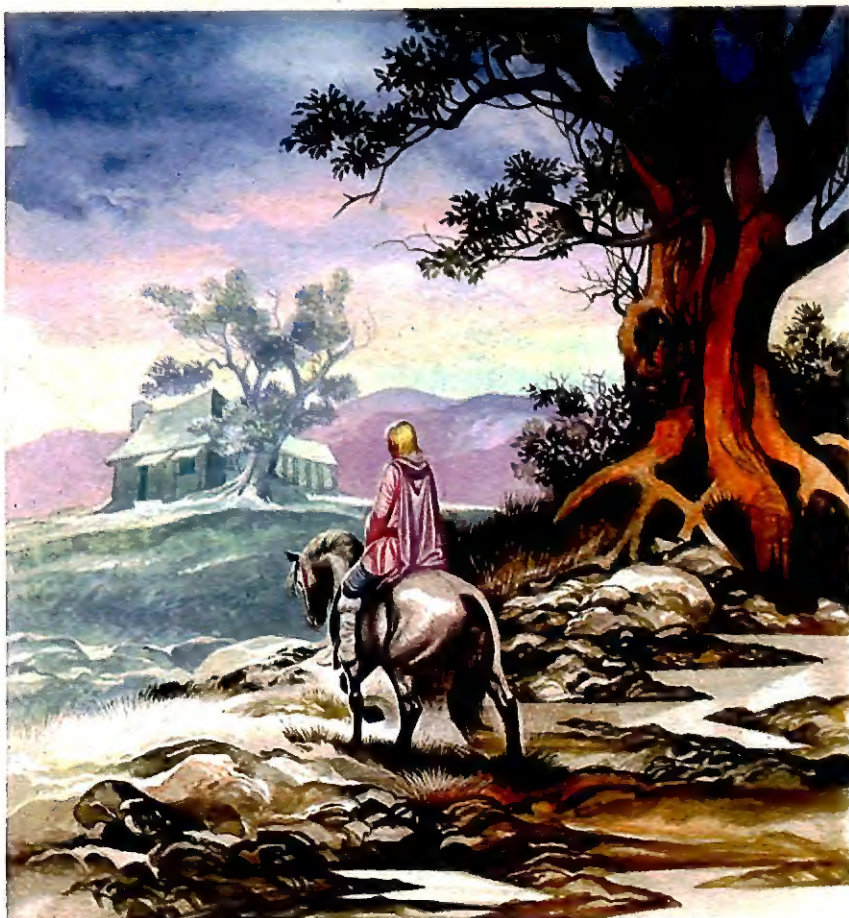
2. Nobody knew, of course, where golden apples could be found, so the King called in his three sons. "You must go out into the world and search every corner of it, until you find me some of these golden apples," he told them. "They are the only things that will cure my illness, so please waste no time."



3. The three sons promised their father that they would do all they could to find him some golden apples and they set off on their horses together. "This is a pretty puzzle indeed," said Adrian, the eldest. "Where do we start?" "I have no idea," replied the second son, whose name was John. "We must search."



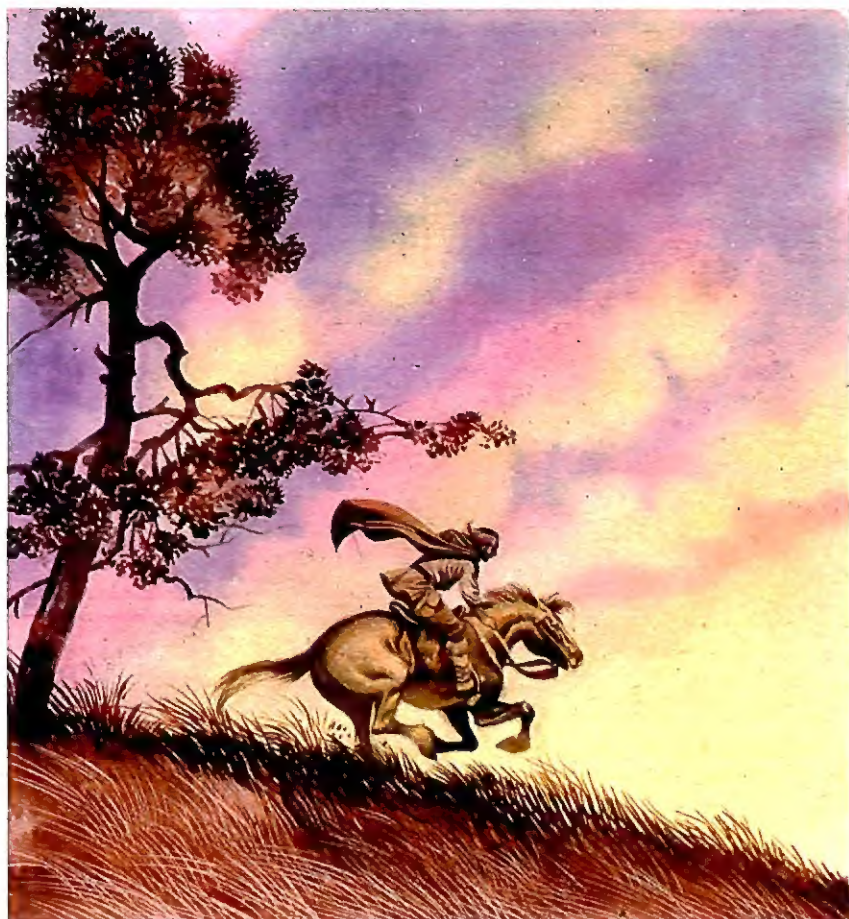
4. They came to a part of the country where three roads met and decided to split up. "It might be best if we each took a different road," suggested Adrian. "I will take the road to the north." "Very well," said John. "The south road is the one for me." "I'll go west," said Roland, the youngest Prince.



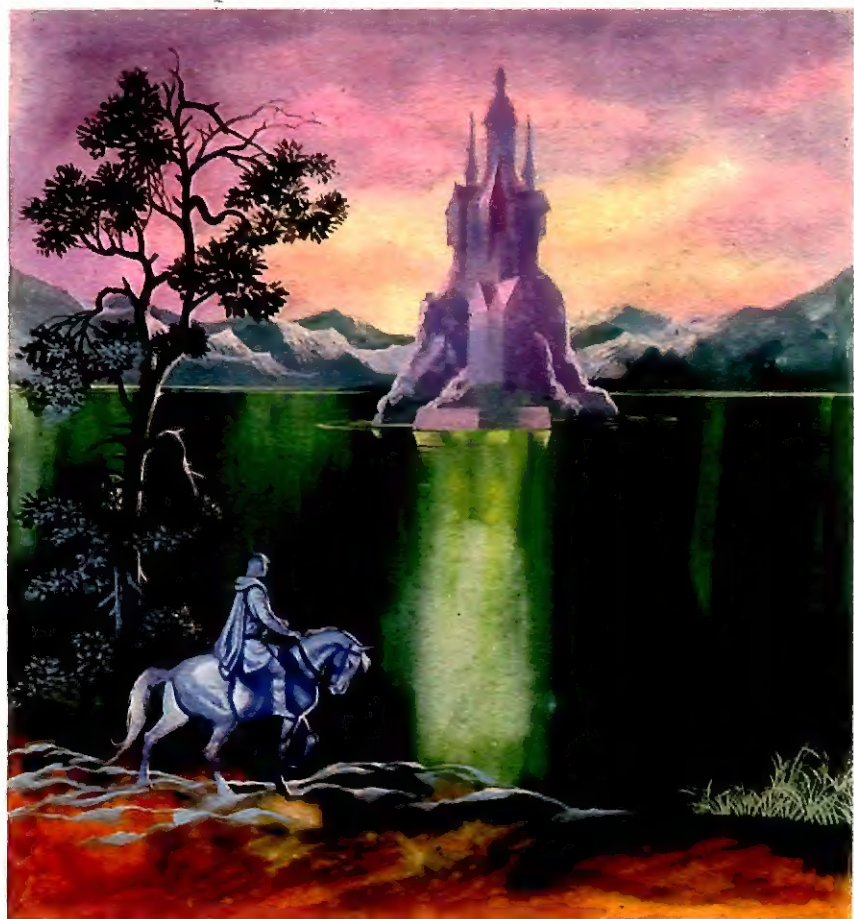
5. So it was agreed and the three boys wished each other good luck and said their goodbyes, promising to meet at that same spot in a month's time. Prince Roland took the west road and travelled for many miles until he came within sight of a large house, standing all alone in a clearing in the forest.



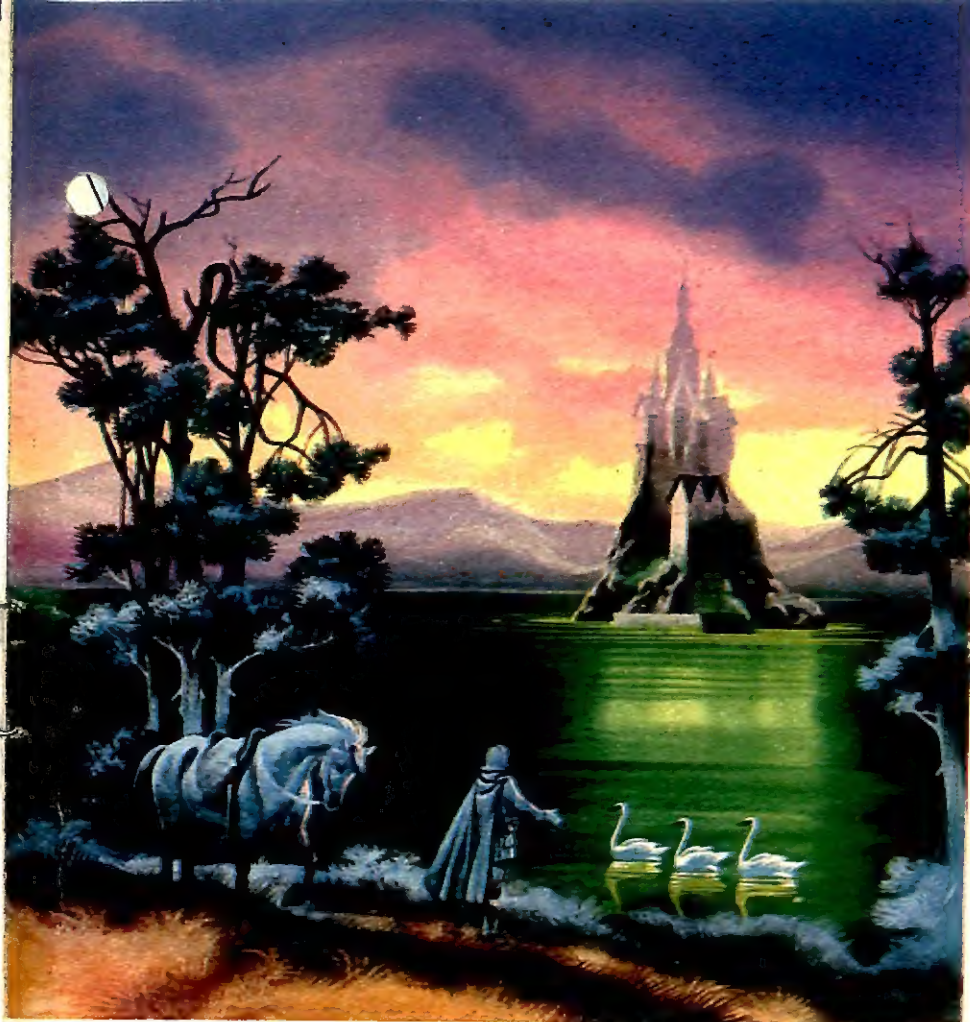
6. An old man was standing outside the house and when Roland came near the first thing he said to him was, "Greetings, son of the King." "Greetings, old man," said Roland. "If you know that I am the King's son then you must know that the King is ill and in need of some golden apples. Where do I find them?"



7. The old man told him a long story, telling Roland to ride fast to the Castle of the Lake, standing in the middle of a lake of black water. He also added that the Castle was an evil place, guarded by terrible things. But at noon each day every living creature in it fell asleep for one hour. "Then that will be the time for me to enter," said Roland, as he rode off.



8. The Prince's horse went like the wind. At last he came within sight of the lake of black water and there, as the old man had said, was the evil castle. "It looks a strange place and even the sight of it makes me shiver," said Roland. "I must somehow get to it at a time when all the guardians are asleep. First, however, I have to cross the lake."



9. The Prince dismounted and began to search round the shores of the lake for a way to get across to the island in the middle upon which the castle stood. "For I am a poor swimmer," he said to himself, "and I know I could never swim so far." But although he searched for hours, he found nothing. Then he noticed three white swans.



10. He called to them, and as they drew near, Prince Roland saw that they were giant birds. He asked them to carry him across to the castle. They took him on their backs and spread their wings wide. "Take care, good Prince," they whispered. "The castle is a place of terrible danger." Then the great birds landed and Prince Roland clambered down.



11. Prince Roland knew of the dangers, but boldly marched in through the entrance doorway. He was relying on the words of the wise old man, that between the hours of noon and one o'clock each day, all those inside the castle fell fast asleep.

12. "The wise old man did indeed speak truthfully," murmured Prince Roland to himself, as he tip-toed between the sleeping figures of the terrible giant guards, who were sitting against the wall, with their eyes tightly closed and snoring loudly.

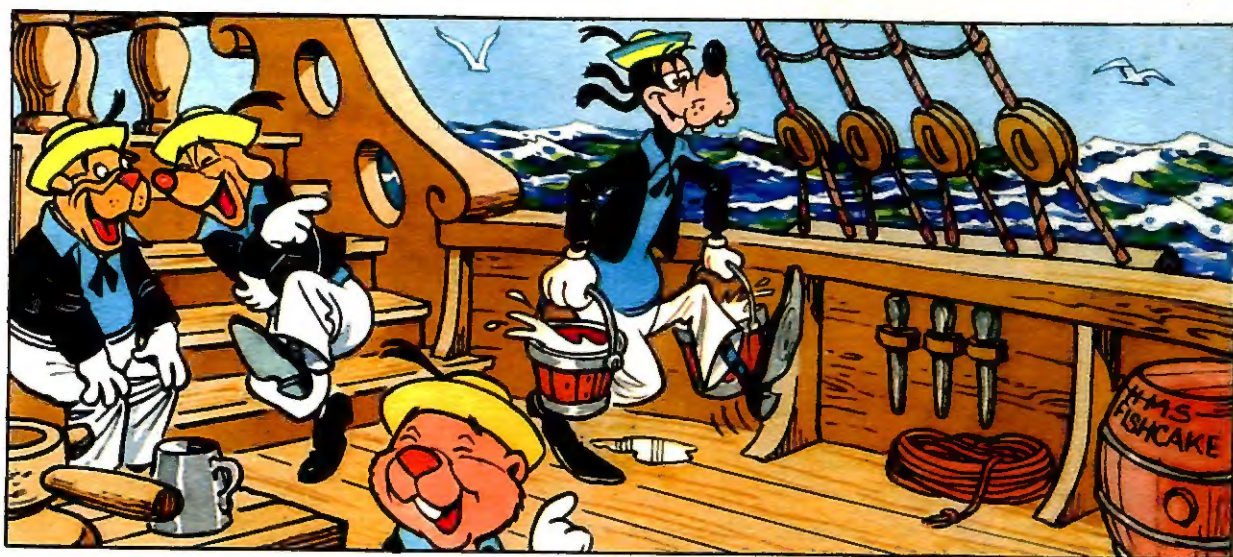


GOOFOY

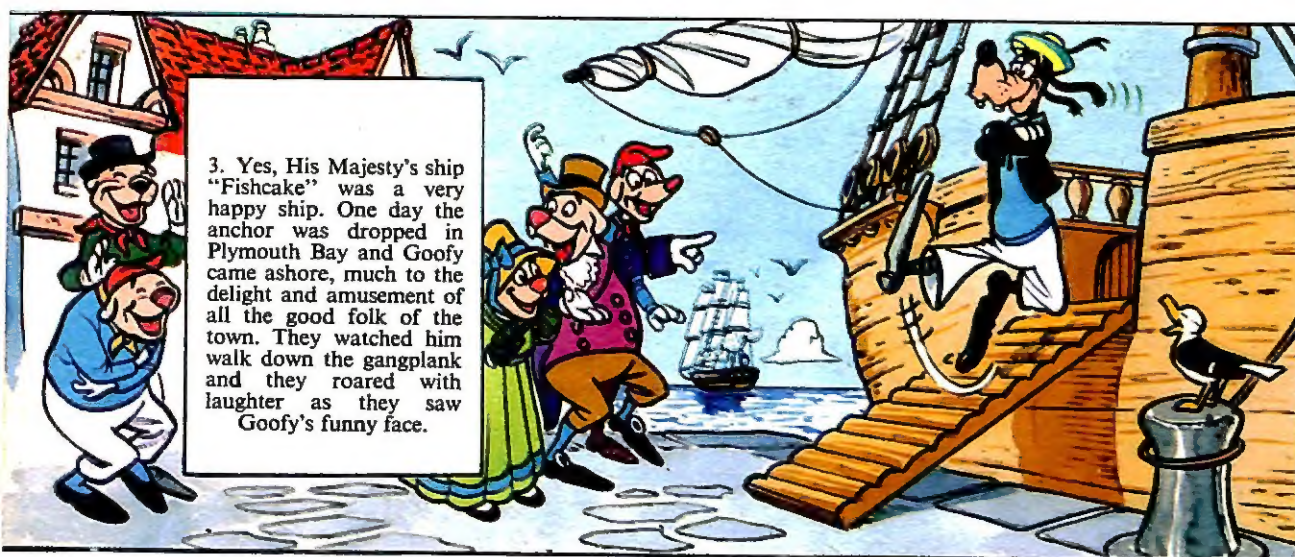
Pulls a Funny Face



1. Do you think this chap has a funny face?



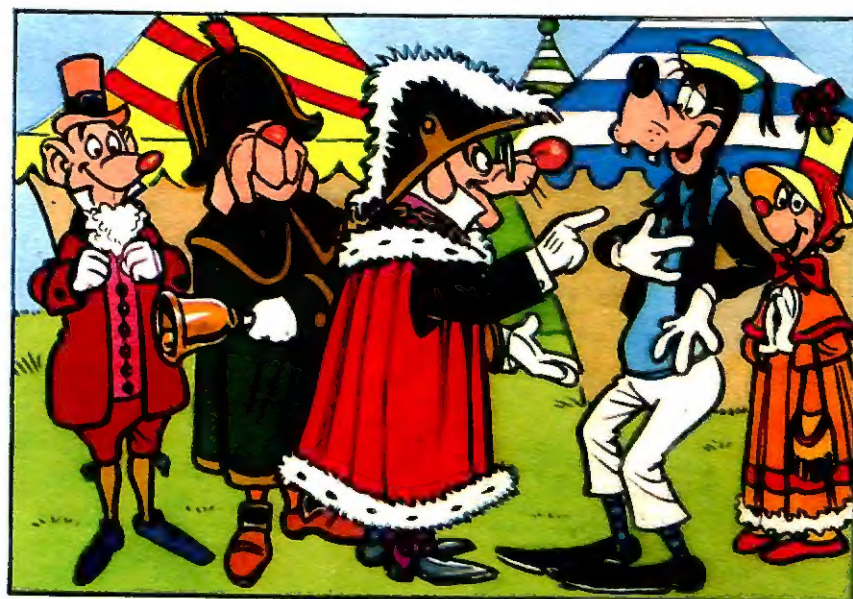
2. Once upon a time there was a jolly sailor-boy who sailed the seven seas in the King's Navee. His name was Goofy and he had such a funny face the other sailors on board spent their time rolling about the deck laughing at it instead of doing their duties.



4. Now it so happened that upon that day, a fair was being held in Plymouth and Goofy made his way there.



5. Goofy wandered round the fairground, enjoying himself enormously. Then suddenly he saw a bell-ringer and he stopped to listen. "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" bellowed the bell-ringer. "The Lord Mayor will now judge a competition to see who can pull the funniest face! Roll up! Roll up! Everyone is welcome to enter and there will be a surprise prize for the winner!"



6. "Oo!" thought Goofy. "I'd like to win that surprise prize, I would, so I think I'll enter that competition." The Lord Mayor started laughing immediately he saw Goofy. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed he. "Come along, sailor-boy! You ought to be able to pull a very funny face." Goofy nodded. "I sure can," said he. "When would you like me to pull it?" "Why, now, of course," chuckled the Lord Mayor. "Gather round, one and all. You're going to enjoy this!"



7. Then to everybody's amazement, Goofy reached out and pulled the Lord Mayor's nose! "Hee, hee!" he chuckled. "Yours is the funniest face I've seen since I first went to sea—so hand over the surprise prize!" "YOW! YAH! LEGGO BY DOZE! YOU'RE HURTING BE!" yelled the Lord Mayor as Goofy hung on. And everyone who was standing around watching laughed and laughed and laughed.



8. The Lord Mayor gasped and spluttered and roared and wriggled and struggled. At last he managed to free himself from Goofy's big fingers. "Listen to the people laughing," said Goofy. "I win the surprise prize, don't I?" "You do!" screamed the Lord Mayor. "Bell-ringer, you know what to do! Do it—or I'll find myself a new bell-ringer."



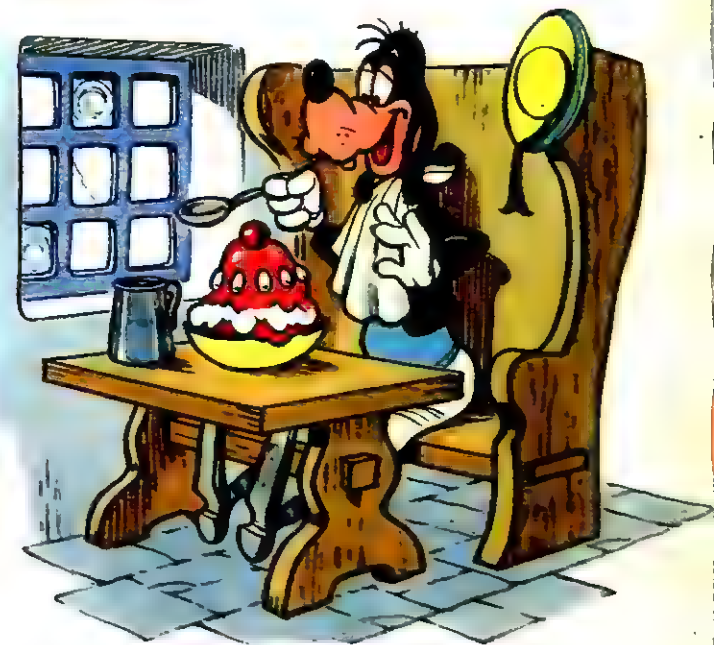
9. The bell-ringer certainly knew what to do and he did it! He didn't want to lose his job. He spun Goofy round and booted him—hard. "YIPE!" yelled Goofy. "This is my surprise prize?"



10. "It surely is!" growled the bell-ringer. "Then I'm off! I wouldn't have entered for the competition if I'd known," cried Goofy and he took to his heels and ran. "HEY! Don't be in such a hurry!" shouted the bell-ringer after him. "You win another prize, too," and he flung his bell at Goofy. "DING! DONG! DING! DONG!" rang the bell as it landed CLANG on Goofy's head.



11. "I'll give you five pounds for that old bell!" said a second-hand dealer who happened to be passing by at that moment. "Done!" gasped Goofy as he lay sprawled out and breathless on the ground.



12. "Well," chuckled Goofy later as he sat down in an inn and started to tuck into a feast of food, "this is surely my lucky day. I must pull some more funny faces!"

Wild Life of our Wonderful World

THE OSPREY



1. High above the foaming waves, behold the osprey, master fisherman!



2. Suddenly his eye catches his next meal glinting invitingly in the water far below. He takes flight and rockets down towards the sea.



3. He strikes the surface of the water with a huge splash and he sinks his sharp talons into the madly wriggling fish.



4. As the osprey soars swiftly into the sky, he grips the fish head foremost. If it is not too big, he will eat it during his flight. Otherwise he takes it to his favourite perch.





5. Any fisherman's life can be a tough one. Certainly the Osprey's is for if he has made a mistake and attacked a fish that is too big, the chances are he will be drawn under water and drowned. You see, those long sharp, curved claws of his are traps from which no fish can escape and the Osprey will not let go once he has sunk them into his prey.



6. Unhappily the chances of seeing an osprey in Britain are not very good. In the last century they were often seen in Scotland until hunters drove them away. But they are found elsewhere in Europe and in America. Like many other birds of prey, osprey become very fond of one place, and they will return to this same place year after year. In this picture male and female are shown together. The female (on the right) is slightly larger than the male—she being about two feet long and he about twenty inches.



7. The nest they build is a wonder of nature. Male and female build it and in America the nest is usually built in a tree, while in Europe a cliff edge, or even a ruined building, will do. Because the birds return each year to the same spot and add to the nest, it becomes bigger and bigger until it is a huge ramshackle bundle of sticks as much as six feet deep and five or six feet wide.

8a. While the nest is being built, (and here's a surprise for you!) certain lodgers move in. Other birds usually move in and build their homes in the osprey's nest, a foot or two under the main section as you see here.



8b. Lucky birds! They have an extra roof over their heads without having to build it and at the same time the fierce ospreys keep away any other savage birds who might otherwise attack and kill the little birds. Birds such as sparrows or wrens also build their nests in the big nest of the ospreys.

9. The female osprey lays two or three brown spotted eggs. Only rarely are four eggs laid. She sits on the eggs for five weeks. Then the nestlings are born. For seven weeks after that, it is Dad's job to keep the young ones full of fish. It is a job he can do very well indeed. Look out—HERE HE COMES!





THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF

PINOCCHIO



Once in a field our Pino found,
A beanstalk growing from the ground,
It was so very very high,
Its top was sticking through the sky.



Our Pino climbed and at the top,
He thought: "By gum—I'd better stop
For if this giant's not friendly he
Might like to have me for his tea!"



At first, the giant seemed not too bad
As gently he picked up the lad.
But when he held him o'er some broth
It really roused our Pino's wrath.



You really could have launched the navy
In that enormous pot of gravy.
And Pino swimming round the pot
Did not like the taste he got.



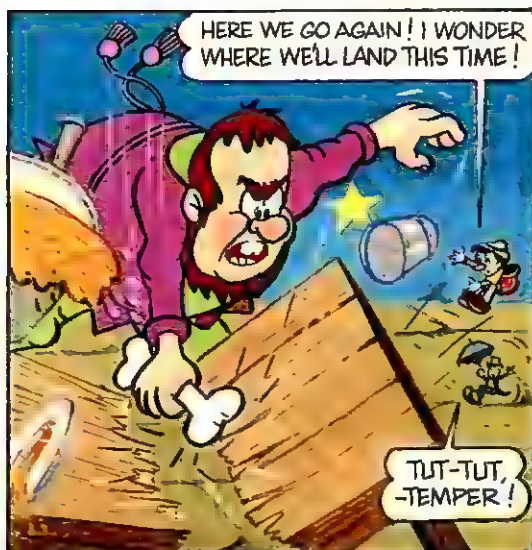
Then Pino, droopy little goop,
Found a bone in that there soup
And thought "I'll make my getaway—
I've had enough of soup today."



Now Pino took a mighty jump,
And landed with a hefty thump
Upon the handle of a spoon,
(Isn't he a funny goon?)



A dumpling through the air did fly,
And smacked the giant in the eye.
Said he, "So, kiddo, that's your game!
You saucy little what's-a-name!"



He swiped as hard as he was able
But all he did was smash the table,
And made the saucepan fly aloft
All full of broth and 'taties soft!





When saucepan landed on his head,
You should have heard what giant said.
While Pino, swinging on his belt,
Caught pepper-pot a mighty welt!

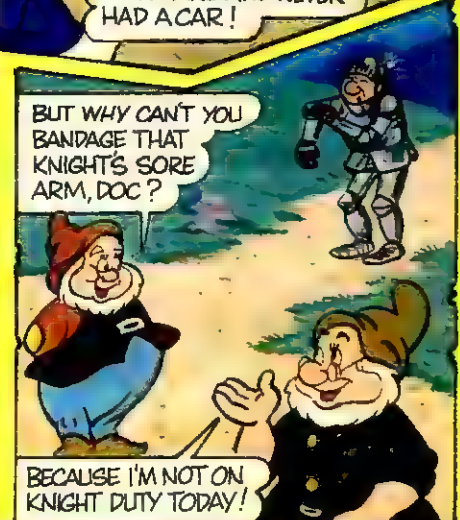
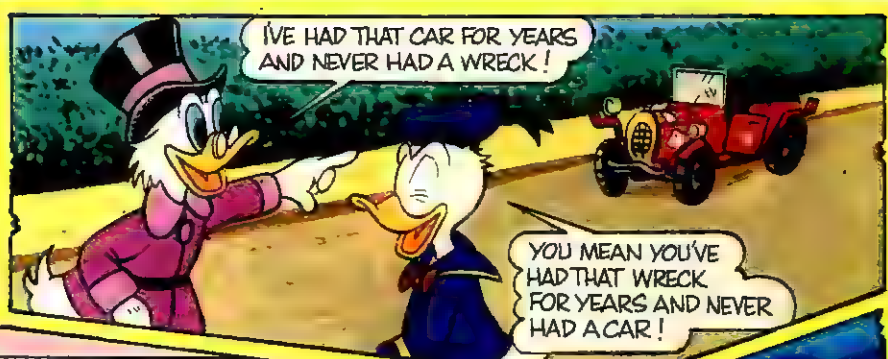
The clouds of pepper flew around.
And very soon the giant found
That it was going up his nose,
Which was quite red—just like a rose.



Well, then, the giant gave a sneeze
Which caused a simply shocking breeze,
And Pino cried: "I heard no warning
Of gales on radio this morning!"

For miles and miles Pinocchio flew,
For with one sneeze, that giant blew
Our Pino all the way to Wigan,
That sneeze was such a very big 'un!

WICKY'S MERRY MOMENTS



The King's Lost Crown



1. Once upon a time there was a very fat jolly old king who loved his food. He thought his cook was the best fellow in all the world particularly when the cook brought him enormous meat pies followed by delicious cakes and tarts for his lunch. But then his daughter, Princess Alice, fell in love with the cook's handsome son Peter.



2. The king was furious. "My daughter must marry a prince!" he roared, "not the son of my cook." Now the king was very proud of his jewelled crown. He was never seen without it—not even when he took his afternoon nap in the palace grounds. One day as he was sleeping, his precious crown slipped off and rolled away.



3. As soon as he woke, the king discovered it was missing. "Someone has stolen my crown!" he roared to his guards. "Search everywhere and find the thief!" Every home in the kingdom was searched but the guards found neither crown nor thief. In despair the king at last announced that whoever found his crown should marry his daughter.



4. Now nearby lived a crotchety old Prince named Snarler. He had always wanted to marry Princess Alice but she had refused him. As soon as he heard the king's announcement he hurried off to the wizard Botch. "Botch!" he cried, "make me a crown like the king's." The wizard replied that he would but it wouldn't be real gold or jewels.



5. A few days later the wily old Snarler went to the palace with the wizard's crown. The king was so excited that he said the wedding would take place at once. Princess Alice was locked in her room while the preparations went on. Guards were posted to prevent anyone entering the palace.



6. Meanwhile Peter was searching for the crown. A chattering magpie made Peter curious. He climbed the tree and found the king's crown in the magpie's nest. He carried it to the palace but the guards stopped him. So Peter went home to his father, who you will remember was the King's cook, and showed him the crown.



7. "I know what to do," said the cook and that night when the king held a banquet the most enormous pie was brought in for the king. He was delighted. In front of everyone he cut the pie—and inside glittered his lost crown. Immediately the crown on his head fell to pieces. "Snarler tried to trick me!" shouted the king.



8. Prince Snarler fled muttering "Stupid old wizard Botch! Why didn't he say his crown would vanish if the king's real crown was found?" The king was happy to have his old crown back. "If my daughter will have him," smiled the king, "Peter may marry Alice." So Peter and Alice were married and lived happily ever after.

PLAYING CARDS, NONSENSE.



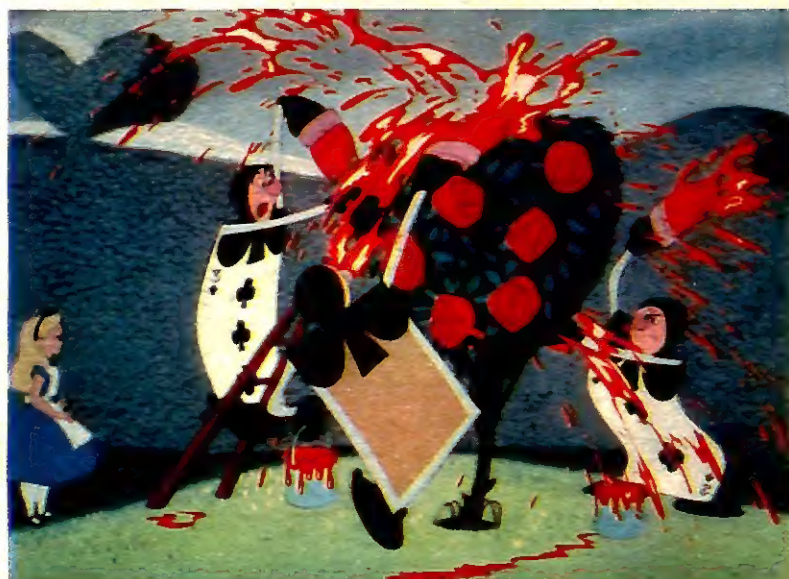
Said the sister of Alice one day 'neath a tree,
"I will read you a tale so please listen to me!"
But young Alice said "No! I've a tale to tell *you*,
About playing cards, nonsense and lots of fun, too."



And then Dinah the kitten looked up and said "Hey!
Oh, please, Alice, you said you would make me today
A new bonnet of daisies to wear on my head."
"I can do that and tell my tale, too," Alice said.



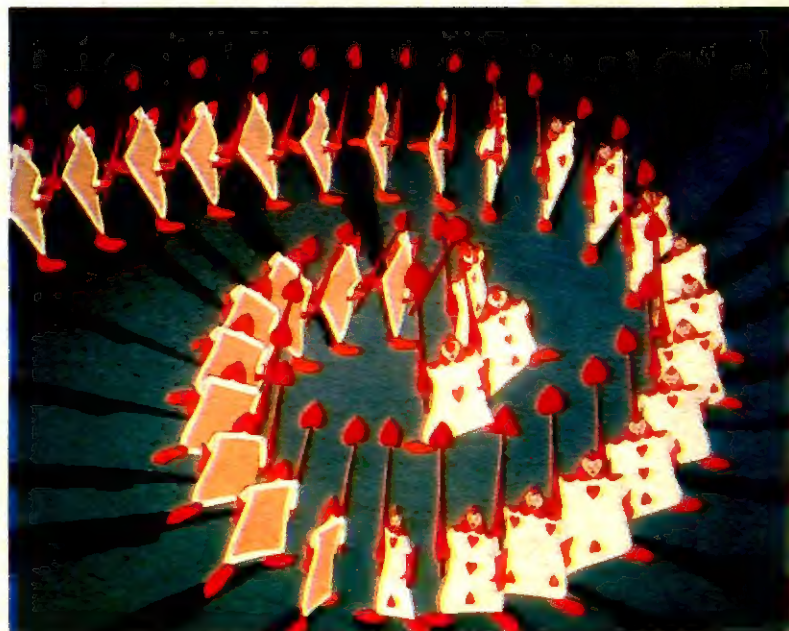
I was wand'ring along on my own, *Alice cried*,
When a very big maze of high hedges I spied.
As I stood there, I heard a man shouting out "Ted!
We must paint every one of these white roses red!"



So I entered the maze and oh, what a surprise!
I could scarcely believe what I saw with my eyes,
For a tree of white roses was now painted red
By three playing cards called Tiny Ted, Ned and Fred.



How they danced and they cheered when they'd finished their job!
But I cried "What a shame!" and I uttered a sob
For to me I must say that it doesn't seem right
To paint scarlet a rose that was born pure and white.



Well, this angered those cards, by name Fred, Ted and Ned,
"You are under arrest! Come with us!" they all said.
"Don't talk rot!" I replied but from every side
Lots of cards then appeared! "Now give in!" Ted then cried.

AND LOTS OF FUN, TOO



I was muddled and felt in a curious daze,
So I took to my heels and fled into the maze,
But those cards came a-running from here and from there,
And although I ran fast—why, they seemed everywhere!



So they caught me and took me away in a cart,
Set me down and then stood in the shape of a heart.
"You're our prisoner," said they, "and so now you'll be tried
By our Queen who's so cruel," and one and all sighed.



So they lifted me up and although I then fought
Tooth and nail, I was carried along to the Court
Where the Queen sat on high with a very proud look
And charged me with every crime in the book.



"I'm not guilty!" said I in a very loud voice,
But the Queen only laughed as she said "You've no choice!
For see, here's the Mad Hatter who knows you of old!"
"And she's guilty," said he, "at least, so I've been told!"



"I am *not*!" I declared but the Queen bellowed "No?
Well then, here's the March Hare and I think *he* will know!"
"Oh, she's guilty!" the Hare murmured, drinking his tea,
"And so if you ask me, why not let her go free?"



"Let her go!" cried the Queen. "She's an innocent girl!
And let's all have a dance for I feel like a whirl!"
So I left them, came home—and now here's Dinah's hat!
Can you think of an ending that's better than that?

Disaster, our friend the Walrus begs when he tries to lengthen a little boy's legs.

